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JESSIE TAYLOR PHILIPS

IN MEMORY OF HER BROTHER  
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR  
(Class of 1890)

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE





A Poem

ON

LEIGH PARK,

THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE THOS. STAUNTON, BART.

---

BY JAMES KING.

---



---

*Ille terrarum nihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet.*      HOR.

---

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TO

SIR GEORGE THOS. STAUNTON, BART. L.L.D. F. R. S.

**This Poem**

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.





# Leigh Park.

---

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet.* HOR.

---

YE powers who o'er the rural seat preside,  
No more your cares let radiant Shene divide,<sup>1</sup>  
The towering heights of princely Windsor flee,  
And wing your rapid flight to beauteous Leigh.  
The glorious temple to your praise is crowned,<sup>2</sup>  
And Summer's sun hath lit the landscape round.  
Descend, ye powers, the Empress of the Main  
Boasts not a brighter or a fairer fane.

And thou, O Staunton, whose creative mind,  
This maze of beauties and of art designed,  
Thrice happy ruler of this<sup>e</sup> proud domain,  
Scorn not the lowly tribute of this strain.

Thy favoring smile some abler hand may fire,  
To sweep in louder notes the sounding lyre.

*One* hour, inexorable *Critic*, now,  
Relax the withering sternness of your brow.  
There was a time, perhaps, in scenes like these,  
When you, like us, called forth each power to please,  
When the proud glow of Emulation's fire,  
Roused all your hopes, and bade your soul aspire,  
Fondly aspire, to win, in primal lays,  
*Your* scanty portion of Parnassian bays :  
And then, perchance, your heart, with hope elate,  
Sank as you mused upon the chance of fate,  
Shrank from the terrors of the critic's eye,  
And half resolved Castalia's fount to fly ;<sup>3</sup>  
A chilling terror thrilled your quivering frame,  
And hopes and fears alternate went and came.

Oh! by the fears that swayed your throbbing breast,  
Oh! by the hopes that soothed those pangs to rest,  
Indulgent view the same emotions here,  
The chequering flush of mingled hope and fear ;  
Nor quench in total night Hope's genial star,  
That *now*, full *faintly*, trembles from afar.

What pleasing scenes my gladdened soul delight!  
What varied beauties burst upon my sight!  
And first, the fair and lordly mansion mark,  
Deeply embosomed in the ample park.  
Of countless acres is the fair demesne,  
Bedecked with trees luxuriantly green,  
With mossy pales, and fadeless verdure crowned,  
And compassed with a green enclosure round,  
Where shrubs of laurel and of fir appear,  
And every tree that blooms the live-long year.

But where the circling palisades part,  
Two structures rise, with unambitious art,  
Whose lamp-crowned portals, beautifully neat,  
Lead to the splendors of the gorgeous seat.  
Thither, with eye observant, let us stray,  
Along the windings of the shrub-lined way,  
To view each proud arcade, each airy hall,  
Each breathing marble, and each pictured wall,  
From room to room, more beauteous each, to roam,  
Thro' all the grandeur of the lofty dome.  
At every view, new charms around us rise,  
New columns swell, new portals meet our eyes.  
The wreathing woodbine round each pillar blooms,  
Blent with the rose. The pride of Moslem looms,  
Or mazy woof from Persia's sunny shore,  
In vivid hues of beauty decks the floor.

Here too the silken Ottoman behold,  
And there the mirror, fringed with sculptured gold.  
All that can charm the eye, or glad the sense,  
Lies mingled here in bright magnificence.

But who can paint the charms that Nature's hand  
Hath strewn and lavished o'er the fairy land?  
Come let us sit beneath the smiling sky,  
And listless view the scenes that round us lie.  
There sea-girt Vecta's sun-bright summits rise<sup>d</sup>  
In lengthened sweep, and mingle with the skies—  
The fairest scene that decks Britannia's waves.  
There Hayling's isle a wilder ocean laves.  
There, with a brow that seems to dare the skies,  
Huge Portsdown like a prostrate giant lies,  
While the dim vapors of a resting cloud  
Flit round its lengthening form—a misty shroud.

And there the shadowy forest's sable hue  
In dark and gloomy grandeur bounds the view.

But, ah! what pen can paint the glowing scene  
Of mingling beauties, in the plain between  
You mountain and the sea? The tasteful seat,  
Half hid within the forest's green retreat,  
The distant tower, whence oft with blithesome sound  
The mellowing chimes awake their music round,  
The nibbling flocks that o'er the meadows stray,  
The birds that carol reckless from each spray,  
The twittering swallow, that with dappled wing  
Skims the wide plain in many an airy ring,  
The courser neighing with erected neck,  
The lawn that unassuming daisies deck,  
The countless trees dispersed along the plain,  
Or rallying here and there in groups again,

The tangled copse, whence oft the pheasant springs,  
To bask the gold and azure of his wings,  
The gentle valley, and the tufted mound,  
The mellowing light that gilds the prospect round—  
These, with the forest, mountain, and the main,  
And that fair isle where freedom bounds her reign,  
Have strewed a scene of varied beauties round,  
Where every charm that Nature boasts is found.

Behind, with rainbow tint, and shadowy dye,  
The ever-beauteous green-house glads the eye.  
There, rosy fruits of melting sweetness view,  
There, fragrant flowers of every clime and hue.  
'Tis beauty all. O'erstep its verdant bound,  
And mark the freaks of Vegetation round.  
'Twould seem some power had hurried us away,  
To fruitful Araby, or bright Kathay.



For, ah! what floweret decks thy radiant year,  
Land of the sun, that glows not blooming here?  
Sure, never yet, in chilling clime, like our's  
Were seen such mellowed tints—such light—such  
flowers.

How changed the air! Its essence seems of balm,  
And scarce a breath disturbs the odorous calm.  
What infant form is flitting there above  
With flaming torch? 'Tis Cupid, God of Love.<sup>6</sup>  
And ah! the urchin god, right well I ween,  
Hath fixed his fane amid this myrtle scene.  
See how he grasps yon urn of fragrant flowers,  
Hangs o'er its sweets, and guards these blissful  
bowers!

Mark how the flowers their sweet ambrosial sighs  
Upwaft, in fragrant breathings, that arise

Around the God ! Less sweet in Paphian groves,  
From flower to flower, the balm-winged zephyr  
    roves,  
Less sweet on bright Idalia's hallowed brow,  
The frankincense that steamed from lover's vow.  
'Twould seem as tho' from each most beauteous  
    stem,  
The glowing East had showered its brightest gem.  
For here the silvery roses of Kathay  
Blend with the lucid lilies of Malay.  
Here, too, in bright profusion, we behold  
The prickly shaddoc, with its fruits of gold,<sup>7</sup>  
The tender balsam, that the Indians use,  
To tinge their nails with bright vermilion hues,<sup>8</sup>  
The brown coffea,<sup>9</sup> and the dark-green tea,  
The fair Mimosa, shrinking fearfully,

Should the rude hand of some untutored swain  
Its modest beauties venture to profane ;  
Geraniæ, red, purple, white, and blue,  
Of tenderest streak, and most transparent hue,  
Breathing Pimentas from Jamaica's groves,<sup>10</sup>  
Rich with the scents of cinnamon and cloves,  
And from whose leaves, when crushed, an odor  
wells,<sup>11</sup>  
For in each leaf, a soul of fragrance dwells ;  
The tallow-tree, whose berry's friendly light <sup>12</sup>  
Gilds for the cottager the gloom of night,  
The purple Musa, rival of the vine,<sup>13</sup>  
Whose fruits of flavor yield the sparkling wine ;  
The lovely Cerus, nightingale of flowers,<sup>14</sup>  
That sheds her odors to the midnight hours.  
She, when the star of eve hath climbed the skies,  
Spreads thro' the scented air her odorous sighs ;

But when that star hath fled the dappling day,  
Mark how she hangs her head, and dies away.  
Namouna<sup>19</sup> here a flowery wreath might braid,  
That well the brow of Nourmahal might shade,  
That mystic wreath of fair enchanting dreams,  
Culled by the fay beneath pale Hecate's beams,  
That wreath which called from Chindara's war-  
bling spring

The sprite, that bade the fair Sultana sing  
The witching lay that reached her Selim's heart,  
And linked their mingling souls—no more to part.

Fair spot! Each season of the circling year  
Is but *variety* of beauty here.  
When rosy Spring, with vivifying smile,  
Mantles with green our joy-resounding isle,

When ardent Summer rushes from the sun,  
In flush of youth, his flaming course to run,  
Or when the glowing, fierce, effulgent glare  
Melts to a brightness more serenely fair,  
E'en when the sound of Winter's icy car  
Rolls ruthless rumbling from the hills afar,  
Chilling the nations with a thrilling fear,  
E'en then the lines of beauty linger here.  
Fortress of Flora! When the driving gale  
Has chilled each floweret in the joyless vale,  
When keener tempests in the flaky air  
The groaning forest of its honors bare,  
And bind the torrent in its prone career,  
The tenderest rose *unchilled* may blossom here.

A spacious garden near the mansion lies,  
Where flowers and fruits in beautiful order rise,

Where shady walks their verdant maze confound,  
And shower their mingled blossoms on the ground,  
Now all impervious to the light of day,  
Now glimmering with a faint and powerless ray ;  
And many a bower of peace, and bright parterre  
Of arabesques of fairy flowers is there.  
Mark, too, yon sunny wall that skirts the plain ;  
Here fair Pomona holds her golden reign,  
Within the deep-empurpled bounds that bear  
The ruddy nectarine, and the juicy pear,  
The clustering grape, all bright with living dew,  
And downy peaches, deepening on the view.  
Here, in a fount, begirt with iron bound,  
Small golden fishes fearless sport around.  
See how along the rippling waves they gleam,  
Like rays of hope athwart life's troubled stream—

Like the few stars that gem the stormy night,  
And shed from time to time a fitful light.

But let us onward, and more fully trace  
The loved recesses of this goodly place.  
The thin-leaved arbute, and the deathless bay,  
In ever-beauteous mazes, line the way ;  
Its glossy leaves the darkening laurel spreads,  
And weeping ash-trees hang their drooping heads.<sup>16</sup>  
The purple lilac lends its languid bloom,  
And hardy firs of Caledonia gloom.  
Here the blue poplar and the towering pine  
Delight in hospitable shade to twine ;  
And there the cedar, and the linden see,  
The white magnolia, and the tulip-tree.

At length this wilderness of tree and flower  
Ends in a vista opening on a bower,  
Where shining shells, with mystic art inlaid,  
And moss-lined pillars lend a graceful shade.  
How sweet in blazing summer's noontide glare  
The turf, so softly green, and ample chair !  
How rapturous here at summer's eve to eye  
The fading roses of the western sky,  
While swift the sun springs down the' ethereal  
    steep,  
To lave his wings of glory in the deep !  
Here might the Poet watch the parting gleam,  
Weave his wild verse, and feed his waking dream ;  
Here, in this closing shade, inglorious scan  
The latent springs of Nature's mystic plan,  
And proudly soaring, with his far-sent glance  
Pierce the deep secrets of the blue expanse.



In rapid flight, his free-born reinless mind  
Might range the wilds of ether unconfined,  
With eye undazzled, scan the gems of light,  
Whilst worlds of brightness burst upon his sight,  
With daring wing, pursue the comet's blaze,  
And to the void of chaos track its rays,  
Or, glancing to the caverns of the deep,  
Behold where isles of darkling coral sleep,  
And view the monsters in their sunless caves,  
Where in its depths the maddening Ocean raves ;  
Here might he watch—in this sequestered bower—  
Each floating moon-beam, and each drooping  
    flower,  
Here, wake in witching strains the soul of song,  
While shadowy forms before his fancy throng,  
While Nature's minstrel, Philomela, wails  
Her plaintive descant to the sighing gales,

While all is hushed, save her, and o'er the plains,  
A sadly pleasing melancholy reigns.

But when the breezes, as the day is done,  
Bear the loud booming of the rumbling gun,<sup>9</sup>  
When the clouds blackening with the brooding  
storm,

Wait lurid round the Tempest's giant form,  
His rage infuriate here he may defy,  
And scan his terrors with untroubled eye,  
Here, view the lightning leaping from the cloud,  
And mark the thunder burst its shattered shroud.

'Tis morn. The mists have left yon mountain's  
side,  
And Sol resumes his march in wonted pride.

Light in the skies, and freshness on the earth,  
'Twould seem that Nature had a second birth,  
So beauteous from the chaos of the night,  
Creation's various charms have sprung to light.

The glorious strife of Art and Nature see,  
Within thy Paradise, most lovely Leigh,  
An art that glows with every nameless grace,  
And emulates the charms of Nature's face,  
An art, O Staunton, by *thy* genius fired,  
By thee with sweet variety inspired,  
Where ever-changing tints of beauty dwell :  
In vain the brightest you would strive to tell.

Scarce hath the dawning dappled into day,  
The soon-clad shepherd calls his care away.

The frisking younglings hear the well-known  
voice,  
And bounding o'er the flowery plain rejoice.  
Now, see him wistful leaning on his crook,  
Numbering his flock with fond parental look.  
And mark the whistling swains to labour hie,  
Joy in each heart, content in every eye.

Come ye who restless roam from shore to shore,  
Braving the angry Ocean's wildest roar,  
For ever hoping, but alas ! in vain,  
To slake your quenchless, boundless thirst for  
gain,

Come ye who sleepless watch the star of fame,  
With pulse all fever, and with soul all flame,  
Ye ruthless conquerors, at whose command,  
Gigantic Battle bares his blood-red brand,

Come ye whose feverish brows with hectic flush  
Revenge has gloomed, thou o'er whose cheek the  
blush

Of Anger mantles, on whose blighted days,  
The cankering worm of deathless Sorrow preys,  
Come to these scenes of beauty and of rest,  
And joy once more shall warm thy withered  
breast,

For here there dwells a charm, whose mystic sway  
Can chase the clouds of sorrow far away,  
Of power to calm each passion's mad excess,  
And the deep workings of the soul repress,  
With syren voice, and more than magic art,  
To' assuage the anguish of the bleeding heart,  
The darksome spirit of Despair relume,  
And bid fair Hope expand her golden plume.

For who this paradise of beauties sees,  
And wishes not in sweet inglorious ease,  
Within its blissful bowers, to steal through life,  
Far from War's tumults and from Passion's strife?  
Or, who could live mid images of rest,  
With life-corroding cares within his breast ?

High on yon verdant mount a temple see,  
Phœbus, perchance some votive fane to thee ?  
Or, to the Dryad of the forest nigh,<sup>30</sup>  
Say, do its massy columns seek the sky ?  
No, for I see the dark funereal pine  
And sullen fir their sable branches twine.  
Far other object bade that temple rise—  
Of filial piety a sacrifice.  
Yes, to the memory of a parent shade,<sup>31</sup>  
A pious son this graceful tribute paid.

Turn we a moment thither. Let us mark  
This solemn temple in a joyous park,  
And deem it not an unbeseeming grace—  
This cenotaph within so fair a place.

Fain would the muse exalt her humble lays,  
To hymn that glorious spirit's deathless praise,  
To paint the features of that beaming mind,  
Gifted by Nature, and by taste refined,  
To sing how well he served the grateful state,  
(In milder virtues how serenely great !)  
When, linked in embassy to China's shore,  
He traced its wonders with historic lore.  
But, ah ! with rural reed and pastoral strain  
To dare so proud a theme were all in vain.

In loftier numbers be thy praises sung,  
By worthier hands thy cypress-wreath be hung.

Nor sacred to thy glorious sire alone,  
Thy hand hath raised this monumental stone.  
A mother shares the meed, and Friendship here,  
Hath found the mournful tribute of a tear.  
Climb we the bridge that beetles o'er the path,  
Tho' here no torrent foam in headlong wrath.  
No, 'tis a bridge that parts this hallowed ground,  
So fitly severed from the scenes around.  
The sculptured urn of snow-white marble view,  
To fair Ionia's graceful model true,  
And bossed with tender roses, that appear  
All coldly pale, and seem to sorrow here.



Beneath, how soft the turf—how smoothly green !  
How lovelily expands the magic scene !  
What beauteous interchange of hill and dale !  
What shrubs and flowers perfume the mountain  
gale!

Hark to the echo of the woodman's stroke,"  
Hark to the thunder of the falling oak !  
Why thus insult this venerable place ?  
Why from their haunts the guiltless Dryads chase ?  
And why with these unwonted noises scare  
Each beast and bird that long hath nestled there ?—  
Soon from these spoils a palace shall arise,  
And with its swelling dome invade the skies.  
Grudge not its burthen to the groaning wain,  
That bears the tribute of this lone domain.

What sylvan gladly yields not her retreat,  
When Winton's prelate rears the pastoral seat ?

Here, too, the wandering eye discerns again  
The tender azure of the sleeping main,  
While keels unnumbered on its surface ride,  
Rife with the bolts of war, in gloomy pride.  
Here Portsdown's lofty barriers once more  
Are seen betwixt the forest and the shore.  
A fruitful plain beneath that mountain's height,  
Immense, luxuriant, swells upon the sight.  
And here a dun discolored streamlet mark,  
That flows all darkly, and divides the park.  
Crowned with its sedgy tresses, see it stray,  
And to the ocean murmuring wind its way,  
Like man on earth, a pilgrim and a guest,  
And sighing to regain its native rest—

Its rest in you horizon-bounded sea,  
Where it may sleep in bright tranquillity.  
How pleasingly its darksome waters flow,  
Chequering the scene, where all is light and glow!  
'Twas thus, as sweetest Maro sang of old,<sup>33</sup>  
Its fabled waves the gloomy Lethe rolled,  
Laving the flowery islets, where the blest  
In joys transcendant and immortal rest,  
While shades unnumbered list its mystic roar,  
And quaff oblivion on its sullen shore.

Yon waving forest, in its green retreat,  
Invites to shelter from the noon-tide heat.  
Thread we its vast and trackless depth of shade,  
And listless wander on from glade to glade.  
What a wild waste of underwood around !  
In vain on either hand we seek a bound.

Like to a forest on Columbia's shore,  
That ne'er the track of mortal footstep bore,  
Studded with hardy pines and sturdy oaks,  
That ne'er have felt the axe's withering strokes.  
Whole ages o'er their lofty heads have flown,  
And still they stand. The lightning's blast alone  
Hath scathed and withered now and then a trunk,  
That 'neath that fiery breath all scorched hath  
    sunk,  
And fired and blackened now and then a spray,  
That barkless blooms not to the smiling ray.  
We seem transported, midst primeval woods,  
To pathless wilds, and dayless solitudes,  
Where coils the rattlesnake in threatening folds,  
And lurk hyænas in their sullen holds,  
Where roar the lions, and the tigers yell  
With reeking jaws—the fellest of the fell.

What fane is that which sudden meets the sight,"  
Half shown, half hidden by the glimmering light?  
Hath then ere now the foot of mortal been  
Amid this wild interminable scene ?  
What do I see ? A bloody dagger there !  
And here the tomahawks all reeking glare !  
Hath then the blood-stained Indian dared invade,  
With impious foot, this still and peaceful shade ?  
Here hath the captive bled, while tyrant foes,  
Insulting gloated on his voiceless woes ?  
Here, as his ebbing life-blood slowly welled,  
O'er the foul banquet hath the savage yelled,  
While dark the flames along his features streamed,  
And shrill and wild the battle-whoop was  
                  screamed ?  
Ah, no ! Unreal scene ! 'Tis Fancy's car  
Transports us, awe-struck, to the climes afar,

'Tis she that lends a horror to the shade,  
And calls these fearful forms to walk the glade.

Escaped the gloom, the quiet lawn is seen  
Once more, in long luxuriance, robed in green.  
Tired of the bounding shade, the wandering  
glance

Dilates with gladness o'er the far expanse.  
And here once more that winding stream we see,  
That rolled its sullen waves so gloomily.  
Say, what hath smiled these angry waves to peace,  
And bid their hoarse-resounding murmurs cease ?  
All crystal here its noiseless waters seem,  
With scarce a wave to break the quivering gleam.  
Glassy as Truth, their limpid course they run,  
Bickering for joy, beneath the cloudless sun.

And marvel not, for here the Naiad dwells,  
And calms the waters with her gentle spells.  
The peaceful Halcyon flies the twilight cave,  
To sleek her plumage in the sunny wave.  
The spangled trout forsakes the river's pride,  
Well pleased along this humbler stream to glide.  
Bright lilies—purest of the flowers that grace  
The crown of Flora—in its mirror trace  
Their virgin beauties, and the budding rose,  
That fairer seems, the less her charms she shows,<sup>25</sup>  
Blooms blushing there, in modest green concealed,  
And ripened now, in full-blown charms revealed.

A nobler theme my glowing bosom fires.  
Ye *sporting* Muses, strike your sounding lyres.  
Tune the rude cadence of my artless verse,  
Give me in fitting numbers to rehearse

The gallant glories of a far-famed chase;  
That shocked the echoes of this peaceful place.  
Far in yon copse the fox had fixed his lair,  
What time the moon shone tremulously fair,  
And in its shade, beneath the quivering ray,  
Unweeting slept the midnight hours away.  
But when the day-blush had illumed the sky,  
Resounds the thrilling bugle wild and high.  
Loud and more loud its fearful pealing swells,  
With blasts that shrilly echo in the dells.  
Roused at the sound, the robber of the fold  
Trembles and pants within his tangled hold,  
One moment stands, and lists with wild amaze,  
Each trampling steed, each hound that deeply  
    bays,  
Then o'er the ground, still bathed in balmy dew,  
Quick as the coming light for safety flew.



Swift in pursuit the deep-mouthed blood-hounds  
strain,

Hounds, steeds, and men, sweep wild across the  
plain.

The copse is cleared, the echoes wake around,  
Rock, cave, and dell, return each maddening  
sound.

Speed in the steeds, and shouts upon the gale,  
The chase rolls thundering thro' the echoing vale.  
How fleet and wild the clattering troop advance !  
As free along the sounding dells they prance,  
As when of yore they bounded o'er the plain,  
Ere man, the tyrant, strained the galling rein,  
As tho' no rider curbed their plunging pride,  
Plied the red scourge, or lanced their bleeding  
side.

Swift as the meteor speeds along the sky,  
Swift as the rushing wind, on, on they fly.  
Headlong the dizzy precipice they leap,  
Like loosened avalanche from Alpine steep,  
Bound o'er the hills, and sweep the sounding  
plain,  
Ravage the valleys, and uprear the grain.  
And mark yon horseman on the leading steed,  
What hurricane can emulate his speed ?  
Less swift and rash the Spirit of the storm  
Rides the careering blast, when thunders form  
In black array, to fling their bolts around,  
And vollied lightnings fire the rending ground.

Nor does the subtle game, inured to guile,  
Forget each stratagem, each doubling wile ;

From haunt to haunt, from earth to earth, he flies,  
Threads every brake, each sheltering covert tries.  
In vain. For still the thunder of the chase  
Pursues him pitiless from place to place.  
The' unerring blood-hounds on destruction bent,  
With greedy nostrils snuff the well-known scent.

There, in yon stream, whose fairy waters rove<sup>86</sup>  
Thro' many a vale of flowers and leaf-crowned  
grove,  
Till, thro' each mazy winding ever bright,  
Its waters rest in one expanse of light—  
There, on its banks, his burning sides to lave,  
Plunges the quarry in the welcome wave.  
Hark ! the thick tumult maddens in the rear,  
When to the banks the eager pack draws near.

Courser, and blood-hounds, one tumultuous  
throng,  
Leap from the banks, and madly press along.  
Long time in triumph o'er the waves they ride,  
Breaking the crystal mirror of the tide.  
At length the' opposing bank they gladly gain ,  
And cross in lengthened sweep the' extended plain.

Worn with the labors of the glorious day,  
The leading courser staggers in the way.  
With members stiffening in the chill of death,  
With glazing eye-balls, and with gasping breath,  
He falters forth his generous soul, and here  
His strength and beauty close their short career.

Thrice hath the fox yon craggy mountain climbed,  
With bounding feet more swift than mountain wind,

Thrice hath he stemmed yon streamlet's circling  
waves,

That gracefully this blooming region laves.

But all his long and painful toils are vain.

Once more he scuds across the velvet plain,

And measures back his steps in hopes to save

His fainting limbs, then tremulously brave,

Rushes where circling dogs his flight oppose—

A vengeful mass of irritated foes.

Hemmed in by these, his life he long defends

With frantic fury, and till death contends.

The hounds, when life's last spark is waxing dim,

Yelling and mangling, rend each crunching limb.

The mosses of the fountain still retain

Drops of the blood of him, so fleet in vain.

Slow sinks along the wave the cloudless sun,  
The toils and labors of the chase are done.  
The steeds and darkling hounds have won the  
    game,  
And glory smiles upon the huntsman's name.

Pass we the beauties of the ample farm,  
Where flocks, and herds, and emerald meadows  
    charm  
The sated eye ; where now, as summer dawns,  
The fragrant hay-cocks, from the busy lawns,  
Spread wide their rural smell, and clanging wains  
Ring in rude chorus to the jocund swains ;  
And where, when Autumn sheds with bounteous  
    hand  
Her horn of plenty o'er the smiling land,

The deepening harvests, scattered rich and wide,  
Flash to the sun—a brightly heaving tide.  
Pass we the raptures of the joyous morn,  
That bids the reapers strew the ripened corn,  
Build the full sheaf, and heap the ponderous wain,  
With gifts of Ceres from the teeming plain.  
Our hopes are brightest when they dawn from  
    fears,  
As morn is loveliest when it breaks in tears.  
The trembling swain, whose fear had deemed each  
    gale  
That shook the dew-drops o'er the flowery vale,  
The fearful herald of impending woes,  
With hopes now crowned, enjoys a calm repose.  
Pass we the cottage, with its grass-plot neat,  
Soft to the eye, and softer to the feet,

The ivied front, and porch of Doric mould,  
The windows tinged with sapphire and with  
gold,<sup>7</sup>

The amphitheatre of circling trees,  
(Their tresses gently waving in the breeze,)  
The spacious dairy, where, when summer glows,  
Or winter chills, the milk exhaustless flows,  
The China vases ranged in glittering lines,  
Where many a mystic hieroglyphic shines ;—  
Pass we these scenes, albeit they beauteous be,  
Far lovelier charms the ravished eye may see.  
Who, when the sun hath shed the cloudless day,  
Would, from the source of splendor, turn away,  
To seek for brightness in yon waning star,  
That gemmed the night, and still is seen afar ?



Hail, favored spot ! thou sweet Elysium, hail !  
Once more to thee I turn, and should I fail  
To suit my numbers to thy passing fame,  
(For lowly is my reed, unknown my name,)  
Forgive the daring bard, whose artless lays  
Thus feebly have essayed to hymn thy praise.  
My earth-born muse is all unused to soar,  
Scorn not the *will*, for I can give no more.



## NOTES.

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1.

No more let radiant Shene your cares divide,

page 7, line 2.

The reader needs scarcely be informed, that Shene is the ancient name of Richmond, and signifies in Saxon, *shining* or *splendour*.

2.

The glorious temple to your praise is crowned,  
And summer's sun hath lit the landscape round.

p. 7. lines 5 and 6.

In allusion to the very extensive improvements made by Sir G. Staunton, which were completed in the early part of the summer of the year 1829.

3.

And half resolved Castalia's fount to fly.

p. 8. line 14.

It will be recollected that the fountain of Castalia welled at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, quæ nulla priorum  
*Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

Georgic iii, lines 291 and seq.

4.

There sea-girt Vecta's sun-bright summits rise,

p. 11, line 9.

Vecta, or as it is more commonly written Vectis, *was*, the *ancient*, and is still the *poetical* name of the Isle of Wight.

## 5.

The tangled copse, whence oft the pheasant springs,  
To bask the gold and azure of his wings.

p. 13, lines 1, 2.

The golden pheasant, a native of China.

## 6.

What infant form is fitting there above  
With flaming torch? 'Tis Cupid, God of Love. p. 14, lines 8, 9.

In the conservatory, is a figure of Cupid suspended from the roof, holding in one hand a torch, and in the other an urn of flowers.

## 7.

The prickly shaddoc, with its fruits of gold,

p. 15, line 12.

The Shaddoc alluded to in the text, is the *arancio massimo* of the Italians, and the *orange pampelmouse* of the French. The tree is above the middle size, with spreading *prickly* branches. The berry is spheroidal, frequently retuse at each end, of an even surface, and greenish yellow color, and the rind thick, fungous, and bitter. It is a native of China and Japan, and was carried into the West Indies by Captain Shaddock, from whom it derived its name. From the West Indies it was introduced into England in 1739.

The Shaddoc is the least useful of the species of the Citrus, and is cultivated chiefly for show. It has the handsomest leaf of the whole class, and the fruit is larger than that of the common orange. Where several sorts of oranges are presented at the dessert, it makes a striking addition to the variety. The juice is of a subacid sweetness, and excellent for quenching thirst, and the fruit, from the thickness of its skin, will keep longer in sea-voyages than any other of the species of the Citrus.

## 8.

The tender balsam, that the Indians use  
To tinge their nails with bright vermillion hues.

p. 15, lines 13, 14.

The Balsam is a *tender* annual, rising from one to ten feet high, with variously colored flowers. It is a native of the East Indies and Japan, where the natives use the juice, prepared with alum, for *dying their nails red*.

## 9.

The brown coffea \_\_\_\_\_ p. 15, line 15.

Coffea. An alteration of the Arabic name *Gahoueh*, which is the name for the liquor of Coffee; the grain is called *Boun*; Persian, *Cahwa*; Turkish, *Cahvey*.

## 10.

Breathing Pimentas from Jamaica's groves,  
Rich with the scents of cinnamon and cloves.

p. 16, lines 5, 6.

The Pimenta is a handsome tree, common in the hilly parts of the north side of Jamaica. The flowers are without show, and are succeeded by spherical purple berries. They are called Jamaica pepper, or *all-spice*, from their being thought to resemble a composition of all other spices. The berries are gathered before they are ripe, and are carefully dried on mats or terraced floors in the shade. In ten or twelve days they become wrinkled, dry, and of a dark brown color, and are then packed in bags or casks for sale. The berries have an agreeable aromatic subastringent taste, resembling that of a mixture of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmegs, with the warm pungent taste of the cloves. They are much used in the kitchen, and also by the druggists, to cover the disagreeable taste of other remedies, or to give them warmth. An oil is obtained by distillation, which is said to be nearly equal to oil of cloves.

## 11.

And from whose leaves when crushed an odor wells,  
For in each leaf a soul of fragrance dwells.

p. 16, lines, 7, 8.

To elicit the perfume from the leaves of the all-spice, it is necessary previously to bruise them.

## 12.

The tallow-tree, whose berry's friendly light  
Gilds for the cottager the gloom of night.

p. 16, lines 9, 10.

*Candles* are made from the berries of this tree in North America, whence it is called there the tallow-shrub, or candleberry-tree. The berries intended for making candles are gathered late in Autumn, and are thrown into a pot of boiling water; their fat melts out, floats at the top of the water, and may be skimmed off. When congealed, it looks like tallow or wax, but has a dirty green color; it is therefore melted again and refined, by which means it acquires a fine and transparently green color. It is dearer than common tallow, but cheaper than wax. They usually mix some tallow with it. Candles of this kind do not easily bend or melt in summer, as common candles do; they burn better and more slowly, nor do they cause any smoke, but rather yield an agreeable smell when they are extinguished. They are used chiefly by *poor people*, who live in the neighbourhood of the spot where the bushes grow, and have not cattle enough to supply them with animal tallow. A soap is made from the fat, which has an agreeable scent, and is excellent for shaving. It is used by surgeons for plasters. In Carolina they also make sealing wax from the berries. The root is accounted a specific in the tooth-ache.

## 13.

The purple Musa; rival of the vine,  
Whose fruits of flavor yield the sparkling wine.

p. 16, lines 11, 12.

The Musa here spoken of is the banana tree, considered by some as a variety of the plaintain, from which it differs in having its stalks marked with dark purple stripes and spots. The fruit, too, is shorter and rounder, with a softer pulp, and of a more *luscious taste*. It is eaten raw or roasted, in fritters, preserves, and marmalades. The fermented juice affords an *excellent wine*. It was fruited at Leigh in the spring of the year 1826.

## 14.

The lovely Cerus, nightingale of flowers. p. 16, line 13.

The Cerus is remarkable for the richness of its odors, and for its flowering only by night. It is among *flowers* what the nightingale is among *birds*.—It is frequently brought in the evening into the drawing-room, which it fills immediately with the most delicious perfume.

## 15.

Namouna here a flowery wreath might braid,

p. 17, line 3.

See Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, "The Light of the Haram."

## 16.

And weeping ash-trees hang their drooping heads,

p. 20, line 8.

It is a curious fact that this species of ash, the *fraxinus pendula*, was discovered in a field at Gamblingay in Cambridgeshire.

## 17.

The white magnolia————— p. 20, line 14.

So called in honor of Pierre Magnol, Professor of Medicine, and Prefect of the Botanic Garden at Montpellier; author of *Botanicum Monspe-*

liense, and several other works. *Magnolia grandiflora*, the species to which I have alluded, is by far the noblest. Its leaves are nine or ten inches long, and not unlike those of the common laurel. The flowers are produced at the ends of the branches. They are very large, and composed of eight or ten petals, narrow at their base, but broad, rounded, and a little waved at their extremities. They spread open very widely, are of a pure white color, and have an agreeable scent.

18.

—————, and the tulip tree. p. 20, line 14.

The flowers of this tree, which may be said to resemble a lily or tulip, grow in America upon one of the loftiest trees of the forest. It is remarkably smooth, and not less admired for its fiddle-shaped leaves, than its tulip-like flowers, which are formed at the ends of the branches. They are composed of six petals, three without and three within, which form a sort of bell-shaped flower, whence the inhabitants of North America gave it the title of tulip. These petals are marked with green, yellow, and red spots, making a fine appearance when the trees are well charged with flowers. When the flowers drop, the germ swells, and forms a kind of cone, which, however, does not ripen in England. The timber is used in America for building canoes, but is unfit for boards or planks, as it contracts and expands more than the wood of any other tree.

The tulip-tree is now very common in Europe. In the South of France and Italy, it is frequently found in the public avenues, and flowers when twenty or thirty feet high, and of six or seven years growth. In Britain it requires a greater age. There are many fine old trees round London, in the parishes of Fulham, Walham-green, Kew, &c. and a very fine one even so far north as Pitcaithly Wells, in Fifeshire.

It would be unpardonable in me, were I, in dismissing this subject, to conceal the assistance which I have derived from the botanical works of Professor Loudon, from which the contents of these notes have been chiefly gleaned.

## 19.

But when the breezes, as the day is done,  
 Bear the loud booming of the rumbling gun.

p. 23, lines 3, 4.

The gun alluded to in these lines is discharged at sun-set from one of the bastions at Portsmouth, situated to the south-west of Leigh. When, therefore, the sound is heard there unusually loud it is considered to prognosticate a storm.

## 20.

Or to the Dryad of the forest nigh.                    p. 27, line 9.  
 A vast tract of forest land, known by the name of Havant Thicket.

## 21.

Yes, to the memory of a parent shade,

p. 27, line 15.

The temple here spoken of, was erected by the proprietor of Leigh Park, to the memory of his honored parents and deceased friends, whose names are engraved on the pedestal of the urn.

## 22.

Hark to the echo of the woodman's stroke!

p. 30, line 22.

At the time when this Poem was written, several thousands of the trees of Havant Thicket were felled for the erection of a Palace for the Bishop of Winchester.

## 23.

'Twas thus, as sweetest Maro sang of old,  
 Its fabled waves the gloomy Lethe rolled.  
 Æneid, book vi.

p. 32, lines 5, 6.



## 24.

What fane is that which sudden meets the sight,

p. 34, line 1.

In the midst of this wood is an Indian temple, on the walls and roof of which are painted daggers, tomahawks, and other weapons of Indian warfare. From its breaking so suddenly on the view, and the association of ideas which it awakens in the mind, the effect that it produces is very striking.

## 25.

————— and the budding rose,

That fairer seems the less her charms she shows.

p. 36, lines 9, 10.

Deh mira, egli cantò, spuntar la rosa  
 Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,  
 Che mezzo aperta ancora, e mezzo ascosa,  
 Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.

Tasso, canto xvi, stanza 14.

## 26.

There in yon stream, whose fairy waters rove,

p. 40, line 7.

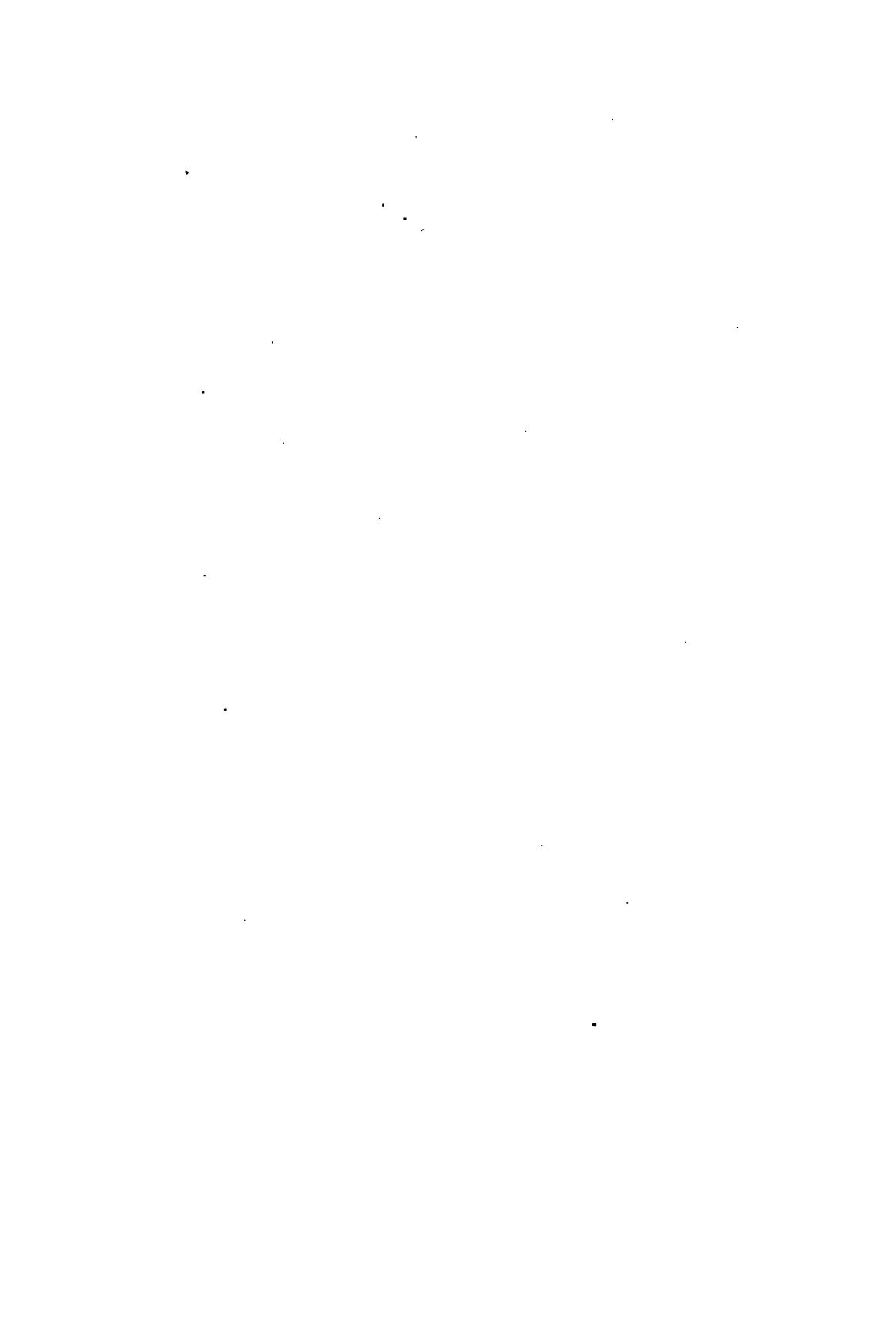
In attempting this faint sketch of a chase, the writer has not adhered strictly to localities.

## 27.

The windows tinged with sapphire and with gold.

p. 45, line 3.

The whole of the windows in the front of the beautiful cottage here described are of elegantly stained glass.





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